

The Consortium's Heir by Benjamin Chapter 182

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"You know, that reminds me-I was there when it happened. Pearl definitely detested

Darius, but here she is, coming to university with him. It must be because of his sudden wealth."

"I would never have expected her to be someone like that. She's the third prettiest woman in our university!"

A man standing silently nearby suddenly said, "I have a different point of view. If even

someone like Pearl's starting to hang around him, just think about how rich he really is!"

Darius stopped walking and put a hand in his pocket. An ugly look crept onto his face.

He didn't understand why Pearl had fled earlier, but he now did. Once rumors started

flying around about them, it wouldn't be an easy feat to prove their innocence. However, the matter with the Gillette family had yet to be resolved. He couldn't act like

he didn't know what was going on. So, he amplify his voice to the point that everyone

present could hear him. "I'm chasing Pearl.

We're not officially together yet, but I hope you don't spread misinformation."

After that, he turned and left without a care. As for the three guys that had been

speaking earlier... they were left squatting on the ground with their hands clapped over

their ears, looking ashen. They'd never heard such a deafening sound before. Even now,

their ears were ringing. It was as if they were suddenly caught in a vacuum.

Actually Pearl didn't leave. She was waiting for her grades. So, she heard Darius utter

words she never thought she'd hear him say. He was chasing her? In her wildest

dreams, perhaps. Of course, she knew he was only saying that to protect her image so

the other students wouldn't think badly of her. The meaning behind his gesture only

moved her more. Now, he would be the subject of their gossip, which he didn't seem to think about.

She was about to tell Darius this when he said, "There's no need to worry about whatever's going through your mind right now. It doesn't bother me, and these things won't affect me. You're different, though."

Pearl's mind went blank after listening to his words. She didn't know how this would

affect her and looked at him in confusion.

His expression was gentle as he said, "It's nothing much, really. It's just that all others

chasing you will disappear because of me."

Pearl looked happy. She wanted to tell him that was exactly what she wanted, but he

didn't give her a chance to speak. "If anyone's willing to treat you as well as they used to

under such circumstances, you can actually consider accepting them."

She didn't expect Darius to say this and was taken aback, unable to speak.

On the other

hand, Darius had already turned and left. All she could do was stare at his retreating

figure. She didn't say anything to keep him here because she could tell he wasn't too

happy already.

When she saw him like that, she suddenly found it hard to breathe again, and her

expression turned cold. It was only then that she realized she truly had feelings for him.

At this moment, Darius was already reaching the classroom. There were three minutes

left till class started, and he had plenty of time to get there. As he thought about this, he

continued to walk to the classroom.

By the time he got there, most people were already there. However, no one was sitting in

the front row because today was the day the professors would speak to them about their

dissertations. He walked to the front row and picked a seat that was right in the center.

This showed how confident he was at the top of his class!
He had just arranged his books when the bell rang. He looked up at his professor, as he always did. This time, however, the professor looked furious. Of course, this was the only thing the other students could see.
He could sense that the professor's anger was faked. Guilt and regret were concealed under the rage, which was made even more obvious when his gaze landed on Darius. At this point, Darius started to suspect something was up. He even had an idea of what would happen next.
When the bell stopped ringing, the professor slammed his laptop on the desk, and the students watched with bated breath. "Darius Reid, stand up and answer my question."
Although Darius had already expected this to happen, he still didn't feel too comfortable.
He got to his feet and smiled politely despite the professor's bad attitude. "It's been a while, Professor Plinsky. How are you doing?"
After Darius said this, he could sense Professor Plinsky's guilt increasing. However, it was still well-concealed. "Darius, I always thought of you as an exemplary student. I never expected you to plagiarize someone else's work! I read the paper that you submitted in the wee hours of the morning many years ago. Though you changed some of the data, there's no denying that you still committed plagiarism."
Darius frowned. Now, he'd figured out what was going on.
Ward Plinsky was an outstanding professor, and he was very strict when it came to anything scholarly. In the past, when Darius couldn't turn up for class because he had to work, Ward would never penalize him. He would even send him the relevant materials to catch up. All of this only made what was happening at the moment even weirder.
Everyone gasped and started whispering among themselves.

“My God! I can’t believe Darius actually plagiarized someone’s work! He’s always been at the top of the class.”

“I bet it’s because he’s starting to neglect his studies now that he’s rich. When he was poor, he was always very punctual for class. Once he became rich, he started playing hooky.”

“Money really does change people. Wait, I’m rich too.” This elicited laughter from the people sitting nearby.

Darius ignored their laughter, focusing his attention on Ward. “Professor Plinsky, can we talk about this in your office after class?” He believed Ward had probably encountered something he couldn’t resolve, so he was left with no choice. Darius felt that he could probably give him a hand.

If Ward agreed to his request, he could act as if nothing had happened. However, Ward turned him down. ‘There’s nothing to argue about when it comes to plagiarism. The truth is what it is.’

Darius noticed that he couldn’t look him in the eye as he said this, i

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Darius kept his eyes trained on Ward so he caught the resolution in his eyes. He didn’t

say anything else and merely looked into Ward’s eyes.

Ward was uncomfortable with the way Darius was watching him. His gaze was filled with

helplessness and disappointment. However, he didn’t have a choice.

He figured that since Darius had already tracked down his family, he was probably

already privy to much information. So, he allowed himself to drop the mask of anger as

he looked at Darius, revealing his guilt and regret.

Darius didn’t know what was happening, but he could hear the officials’ custom-made

leather shoes tapping against the floor. He looked at Ward with a poker face and said,

“Professor Plinsky, they’re coming, and I’ll go with them.”

Ward stared at his favorite student. As he watched Darius leave, he knew that this was

the end of their relationship.

Darius could sense that Ward still had plenty to say to him. So, he walked slowly. He told

himself to give Ward one last chance-if Ward had yet to say anything by the time he

stepped out of the classroom, he wouldn’t offer his help anymore.

Right before he walked out of the classroom, Ward suddenly said, “Darius, I can sense

your reluctance to accept this, so I’ll tell you very clearly that there’s no way you’ll be

implicated for something that you haven’t done.”

When Darius heard this, he retracted his foot and turned to face Ward, who looked

relieved. Darius started to frown again, but he stopped when he saw Ward packing his

books. Ward had never missed a class, but his actions were enough to show that he

didn’t intend to conduct this one.

Darius looked wary, and he felt that Ward was probably going to do something that he

couldn’t accept. Then, Ward confirmed his suspicions.” My student made a huge mistake

and broke the law, so I can’t possibly stay on as a lecturer here. I’m going to tender my

resignation immediately as an apology.” He looked at Darius as he said this, and Darius

knew that he’d made this decision out of guilt.

However, there was no way Darius would agree to it. He was about to speak when a

hoarse voice rang out behind him. “Sir, it’s been a while. I never would’ve expected to

see you here.”

Darius turned around to see the official that had taken him away the last time. He

noded and said, “I’m the one that’s being accused of plagiarism, and I’m willing to go

with you, but I have one request-1 want to bring Professor Ward Plinsky along with me.

He's the one who reported me."

The official wanted to turn him down because this had never been done before, but

when Darius winked at him with a trace of pleading in his eyes, his mind raced. Then, he

nodded. "I agree to your request."

He turned, "Are you Professor Ward Plinsky?"

Ward had relaxed at Darius' choice, and he nodded. "Yes. Yes, I am. I'm willing to assist

in the investigation."

When they were gone, the students started discussing what had just happened.

"Oh, my God. I never thought I'd be able to witness something like that. I feel like I'm

dreaming."

"I recorded it, and I'm going to upload it to all the largest social media platforms. It'll

definitely go viral!"

Everyone present had a different opinion of the incident.

On the other hand, the people seated in the car all had the same expression.

Their eyes

were wide with shock.

"Why didn't you try to contact me behind their backs, Professor? Did they have eyes on

you at all times?" Darius had already listened to Ward's explanation and had difficulty

imagining it.

The official felt like he was dreaming. "It's hard to imagine that something like that

happened at my workplace, and I was completely oblivious."

Ward bent over with his head in his hands, feeling tormented. "I've been locked up this

whole time, and they only gave me a few minutes this morning to make my decision. I

had no other choice."

Darius looked guilty. "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't think that they'd kidnap your grandchild." 1

Ward's eyes were filled with pain. In fact, one couldn't even see the whites of his eyes

because they were bloodshot. Darius met his eyes and found he couldn't bring himself to

say anything. The same could be said for the official. Silence descended upon them.

After several minutes, Darius said, "You can find a way to get me out of there, right?"

The official looked fearful. "I can't guarantee anything, and there's no way you'll be able

to find the child even if you were to get out of there."

After a short bout of fear, the official calmed down. He met Darius' gaze with resolution.

Darius gave it one last shot. "I have my ways, but you don't. You're only in charge of this

place, but my wealth can reach places that you can't. It can help me obtain plenty of

information."

Ward didn't want Darius to do anything illegal or against the rules, and he was ready to

give in for the sake of Darius' innocence. However, he didn't expect Darius to say he

could use his wealth to solve the problem. He was agitated as he looked at Darius. "Are

you really willing to spend your wealth for my grandchild's sake? I know there are a lot of

rich people who are still poor."

There was a trace of helplessness on Darius' face, but he still smiled. "Of course,

Professor. I'm the one they were targeting in the first place."

The official had already regained his composure. He looked at Darius apologetically and

said, "Even though I believe you, I still have to apologize because I can't do it. The most

I can do is send you somewhere with a phone signal, and you'll be on your own."

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Darius nodded. This was the best option he had right now.

When the official saw that he didn't mind, he finally felt at ease. He now knew how

wealthy Darius really was, and it wasn't something that he could even begin to imagine.

However, because of his job, he had no choice but to treat Darius like this, despite his

reluctance.

Under such circumstances, it would be hard to prevent Darius' impression of him from

turning sour and, in turn, taking action to vent his frustrations. The official couldn't think

of any way to make this situation better.

Soon, however, something worse occurred to him. Judging from Darius' attitude, it would

piss him off even more, and it wasn't something the official wanted to see. He started

feeling anxious again, but there were no other alternatives. If he were to keep this from

Darius, it would probably only make him angrier. He kept shifting around, and both

Darius and Ward noticed this.

Ward looked apologetic again. "I'm sorry about this mess. There's something that's

troubling you, isn't there?"

The official's eyes widened. "God, Professor Plinsky, you got me. According to our

guidelines, what you've done is a serious matter with serious consequences.

But I can't

help sympathizing with you after listening to your side of the story, which means I can't

bring myself to handle this objectively. It's not right for me to feel like this."

Ward shook his head. "No, you just need to do what you're supposed to. I, too, have to

bear the consequences of what I've done." Then, he turned to Darius and sighed. "I'm

sure you know that I've made a grievous mistake here. Now, I'm no longer a teacher and

will never be in the future. I believe you understand this is because of what I've done."

He turned to the official and said, "Darius Reid is the most outstanding student I've ever

had, and you can trust him as I do. He won't seek revenge or make you pay the price for

doing your job."

The official looked at Darius, who took a deep breath and nodded. "That's right. I won't

blame you for this and disrupt your job."

While they spoke, the car continued to drive along steadily. Soon, they arrived at their destination. Darius opened the door and got out of the car, looking calm. It was as if he was getting out of his Bugatti.

The officials stood behind him, and all four of them went into the building, after which Darius was escorted to a room with a black door. He walked in and sat down under the bright lights. There was a table in the room. He sat on one side while two other officials sat on the other. The tall, burly official that had escorted him here didn't leave the room, though. He stood by the door and waved at the two officials seated at the table.

They looked at him in confusion, then got up and walked out of the room, leaving Darius alone. As the door was shut, he saw the official who'd brought him here dropping something on the floor. It was tiny and didn't look like a phone, but Darius still walked over to it. He squatted and saw that it was a small key that had been wrapped up in what looked like cotton wool. He put it into his pocket. He didn't know what it was for, but it definitely wasn't for him to break out of there.

Darius recalled what the official had said about locking him up in a place where he would be alone and with a phone signal. This key probably had something to do with that. He had just returned to the table and sat down when the door swung open. The two officials who'd sat across him came back in, not looking too happy.

"Darius Reid, we've already looked into the matter. You were brought here to be given a final chance to explain yourself. As one of Kingston University's top students, you should know what's the right thing to do."

Darius now knew why the official who'd brought him here had left him that key-he probably knew something was wrong. So, he stood up and straightened his

clothes while
nodding. "I was already prepared for the possibility that you guys were not
innocent from
the moment I stepped in. And so, no matter what you say, I'll admit to it. If you
want to
take me away, now's the time."
The two officials shared a look and saw the anger in each other's eyes. They
turned to
Darius, their gazes turning hostile. "We thought you would've known what the
right
choice was, but it seems that we were wrong. That's why we're going to teach
you
exactly the right choice to make under these circumstances, and we're going
to show
you what you should and shouldn't do."
When Darius saw them take their shirts off and walk over to him, cracking
their knuckles
and smiling menacingly, he knew what they would do. A hesitant expression
crept onto
his face, but after some thought, he figured there was nothing to worry about
with his
wealth.
Therefore, he got to his feet and dodged one of the official's attacks with a
quick
sidestep. Then, he took the opportunity to land a kick on his back, which sent
him
sprawling onto the floor. A crisp sound rang out. Darius knew his bones were
broken and
looked at the guy mockingly.
"You're pretty bad at this. I'd be worried if all you officials were like this." Then,
he turned
to look at the other official. He was in an offensive stance but hadn't made his
move
because of his horror.
Darius said, "You have two options-either you take me to where I'm supposed
to be, or
you can end up sprawled on the ground like your colleague."

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The official couldn't help but tremble. He'd been watching Darius closely, but
he still

didn't manage to catch what exactly he'd done. Now, all he could see was Darius holding two fingers up and his colleague sprawled on the floor. He knew that he didn't have a choice.

His hands trembled as he pulled out a pair of handcuffs, which made them jingle. He reached out to put them on Darius but couldn't even bring himself to look at him. He held the handcuffs out for a while, but Darius didn't show any sign of moving. His hands were still in his pockets, and he looked at the official with displeasure.

The official knew this, and his mind started to race. He had to think of a way to resolve

Otherwise, he would probably end up worse off than his colleague. This wasn't a consequence he could bear.

So, he tucked the handcuffs away and looked at Darius, deciding to appease him.

"Darius Reid, you're very smart, and you should know what the right choice is. I'm glad

to see that you do, which is why I won't handcuff you."

Darius knew he was trying to appease his anger, but it didn't change anything. He

remained poker-faced as he said coldly, "I already told you that you only have two options."

The official knew what Darius' decision was, and he now had a better understanding of

his personality. He held out a hand to gesture at the door. "Come with me, please."

Darius couldn't help shaking his head at the official's stupidity when he saw him bowing

and looking sycophantic. He walked out of the room, not wanting to spare him another

glance. The official who'd escorted him here was waiting by the door, and he'd heard

everything that'd happened in the room. He was shocked by the other two officials' attitudes.

When the door swung open, he met Darius' eyes. On the other hand, the

official escorting Darius stood straight and said loudly, "Donny Garcia, you're the one who brought him here, so you should find a room to lock him up. The federal court will definitely come up with a just decision."

Only then did Darius find out the name of this official. Donny looked at him in confusion.

He didn't know why things had turned out differently.

However, when faced with Darius' nod of agreement, he could only play along. So, he led Darius to a room. They stopped at the door, and Donny slipped something into his pocket.

Donny's voice was barely above a whisper, but as an awakened martial artist, Darius could still hear him clearly. "I've already tampered with the surveillance camera in this room, so you're safe here and free to do whatever you want. The key that I gave you earlier can open all the doors here, and I trust that you won't use it for anything else. My office is on the first floor, the sixth one on the left. You can come to me any time if there's anything you need. Of course, you'll need to avoid getting caught." As someone's footsteps approached, he quickly locked the door, leaving Darius alone.

Darius sat down and looked at the phone, suddenly smiling. Donny had slipped it into his pocket earlier. Based on this, he could tell that Donny was the type to keep his word, and if he was willing to, Darius wanted to employ him. This wasn't something to think about at the moment, of course. He had to get out of here as quickly as possible, and he also had to find out who was behind this—was it Hank Gillette or Alan Roberts? He didn't get much rest the night before, so he needed to catch up on some sleep now.

He lay down on the bed, suddenly smiling again. Though the bed was no match for his own at Dragon Estate, it was still pretty comfortable, and he could tell that

Donny had prepared this for him. He closed his eyes to sleep, but the phone started vibrating.

Darius' eyes shot open. He'd just gotten this phone and had yet to do anything with it.

Logically speaking, no one would know about this number, let alone be calling him. He felt confused.

He pulled the phone out and glanced at the caller ID to see a familiar number. It was from Bruce! This surprised him. He didn't expect Bruce to get wind of this so quickly and even manage to contact him.

Darius cleared his throat before answering the phone. Bruce sounded anxious as he said, "Mr. Reid, I'm on the way to pick you up already, so don't worry about a thing. I can't believe they actually locked you up in such a filthy place as the detention center! I have to make them pay for this!"

In contrast, Darius was calm. "No, I hope that you'll stay still. I'm sure you already know what happened, and I will not tolerate being framed for something related to academia. Also, I want to resolve this on my own. I have to try it out at least once."

Another voice rang out on the other end of the line-an older one. "Based on what you've just said, I'm willing to give you this opportunity. However, you must get in touch with us when you find yourself in danger. We'll also be keeping an eye on you, and if you don't come to us for help in a situation that we deem to be too risky, we'll go to you instead."

After that, the call was disconnected.

Darius looked at the phone, raised an eyebrow, and then put it under his pillow. He tried not to think of the phone call and lay down on the bed again, shutting his eyes. This time, however, he had no desire to sleep.

Evidently, his grandfather wasn't willing to let him resolve this matter alone.

